Covington The Hater

Even three years down the line I find it difficult to believe it could have come to this, that I, Covington, Elder Statesman of the Northwest Migration, could be reviled, spat upon and exiled. This was the last hope of our race, the once great race that conquered and dominated this continent.

They came for me in the early morning, dragged me from my bed, and hauled me before their infernal hate speech tribunal. What really amazed and astounded me was that our own people prosecuted the case. I was denied bail, denied a chance to speak, and dragged away to a filthy hut where I was shackled and kept in darkness until the full tribunal could be convened, then they dragged me still in chains before the hook-nosed one, who they said was the supreme justice, Foxman.

Because of my financial position, I was denied proper counsel, so acted as my own lawyer.

They addressed me as "Mr Covington" rather than by the title I had earned through years of dedicated work for the Northwest Migration.

"You are charged, Mr Covington, with incitement to racial hatred contrary to the Northwest Constitution as approved by the Supreme Counsel and enacted retrospectively. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty", I said.

The hooked-nose one read from one of my publications:"'We must do anything and everything necessary to preserve the purity of our blood, and the integrity of our race.' Did you write that, Mr Covington?"

"I did".

"And do you stand by it?"

“I do.”

“And did you also write this: ‘We are the superior race, we claim this Northwest Territory as ours, and only those of pure blood shall have the right to live here’?”

“I did, and I stand by it.”

“And do you also stand by the 14 words as handed down by *Mr* Lane?”

There was much more in that vein, and at the end of the hearing, this so-called court found me guilty. Gable the Snake was the clerk of the court, and I could see he was relishing this. He was one of the founders of that infernal Committee Against Racism In The Northwest. How did it ever come to this?

“Stand up,” said Foxman, “now that you have been convicted, I have to decide your punishment. It would be easy to lock you up, but that would make a martyr of you, instead you will be expelled from the Northwest Territory”.

A gasp went round the courtroom from my supporters, who had turned out in force, although they were all too terrified to identify themselves as such. The hook-nosed one continued:

“Using the insidious cover of racial fraternity, you have devoted your life to promoting racial hatred against immigrants solely on the basis of the colour of their skin...”

“Race is more than skin colour”, I interjected.

“Silence”, shouted Foxman, then he picked up a piece of paper from his desk and read from it, “‘These insidious invaders, these sub-humans, have already infiltrated our society, they have attacked our old folk, deceived our finest brains, and have even taken our daughters for their brides, brainwashing them with the liberal poison of race-mixing. Comrades, unless we make a stand, our race will disappear within six generations, if not sooner.’ You have admitted writing those words, those despicable, hateful words, you will be banished forever from this land, and you will be known for all time as Covington The Hater. Guard, take this wretch away, escort him to the border, and make sure he does not return.”

At this point, two of these burly sub-humans grabbed me, each by an arm, and I was frogmarched out of the building. It took half a dozen of them to bind me and lift me onto a horse, then we began the long trek to the border.

When we reached it, I was pulled off the horse, untied, and handed a saddle bag containing all my worldly goods. Then the captain of the guard read the proclamation: “Covington, you are to leave the Northwest Territory and never return. If you do, you will suffer the traditional punishment, you will be staked to the ground and left to die while the snakes and lizards consume your flesh. Go now, and never return.”

What use was it to protest? These men were totally brainwashed. I took the saddle bag and set off on foot into the Old Territory. How could things have come to this? How could I, Covington, son of Raining Cloud, have been evicted from the land I had helped to build? I thought bitterly of the 14 words of Lane the Bear: “We must secure the existence of our people and a future for Red Children”.

He was right, the White Men were not to be trusted, they have stolen the land from under our feet, they have taken our squaws for our wives, they have infiltrated even the judiciary, and when we tried to stop them, they infected the minds of our children and even our elders with their liberal poison, denying us even freedom of speech because they say we preach hate, hate being the name they give racial integrity, racial pride, and loyalty to our ancestors. Soon the day will come when our race will be nothing but a distant memory on this great continent, which once we owned, and which they have stolen from us under our noses to the moronic applause of the traitors in our midst.